THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS; DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Varieties.

COPYRIGHT.
AUTHORS, AND AUTHORSHIP.

A short time since a friend of ours, a gentleman connected with the press, being in favor of an International Copyright Law, and feeling an interest in the encouragement of native genius by adequate pecuniary compensation, applied to many of our first authors for their opinions concerning these subjects, leaving them at liberty to embody their sentiments in the form of poems, letters or sketches. But our friend, being called to the defence of his country, in the midst of his labors of love, left in our hands the important documents. It will be seen that the collection was not complete, several authors of note not having reported themselves; but such as it is, we give it to the public, to read and ponder and inwardly digest.

A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF AUTHORS, AT FANEUIL HALL.

TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY J. G. W.

Ho, wielders of the mighty pen!
Men of the rolling eye!
Ye who have heaved around the world
Thought's surges vast and high,—
Come mingle in a brother-band,
Come, authors, great and small;
In common cause join heart and hand,
And throng to Faneuil Hall!

Ho, ancient Harvard's youthful sage,
Longfellow of the muse!
Shall this day a son's ...
On thy short-comings shine?
Ho, Lowell, Pierpont, Emerson,
We're friends and brothers all;
Ho, Taylor, Poe, Duganne and Read,
Away to Faneuil Hall!

Cut short that sonnet, Tuckerman!
Prentiss, give o'er that jest!
Holmes, spare that pun—Friend ...
Let thy deceased friend rest!
Ho, brother Burleigh, leave ... the cause

...

Yet soon those hopes shall end;
Soon shalt thou cease thy unrewarded lay;
Or starve among thy fellows. Harkee, friend,
Cut all the nine, I pray!

Thou'rt gone, the Harpers' house of doom
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet through my heart
Thy dimly shadowed fate hath shed a gloom
Which shall not all depart.

My sanctum I will seek,
There doff the bard, and don the politician,
To pen a leader that may live a week—
Ye gods! a glorious mission!

True, 'tis no "toil divine,"
Like pouring out one's soul in deathless lays,
Around one's name immortal wreaths to twine—
But then—but then, it pays!

A TALE OF HORROR.

BY E. A. P.

——"Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes."—JUVENAL.

I did not see the lad. To that I will take an oath—any oath you please, on the Bible, the Koran, or Tooke's Pantheon. I did not see the lad;—yet I knew that he was behind me—that he had followed me for several squares up Broadway—I knew that he wore but one shoe—I knew also, that he was *black*, though I will again swear that I did not see his *shadow*. "*How* did you know all this?" impatiently demands my reader. Simply by my analytical faculty—by resolving thought into its constituent elements. This was the magnum arcanum of my certain and at first view, mysterious knowledge of these facts. Thus, I knew that it was *myself* he was following, because amid all the hurrying crowd, he had maintained so close a proximity, that I could distinctly hear his labored respiration. I knew that he wore but one shoe, by the different sounds made by the two feet in descending. "But how knew you that he was *black*?" I answer *Ex pede Herculem*—by the peculiar *flapping* sound made by the *bare* foot upon the pavement. That the foot of the Africo-American is *flat*, is a fact sufficiently authenticated by common observation. The somewhat hyperbolical expression in the popular ballad goes also to confirm it.

...

NIGHT'S REVEALINGS.

FROM THE ANCIENT SCLAVONIAN OF HANZ HAMMER-WAFFERSTEIN.

BY H. W. L.

Repose, majestic winged, comes down
And sits beside me here—
The slow, calm pulses of the night
Throb through the atmosphere.

Oh, moony night! thy silver beams
Float softly from above,
Like showers of snowy feathers, plucked
From Cytherea's dove.

With sounds of garments rustling
Against the shadowy walls,
"To bed, to bed!" the house-maid sweeps
Along the dusky halls.

Wild thoughts awake within my soul
Amid the haunted night,
I seek my brethren of the past,
In worlds of love and light.

I cry, "Where dwell the bards of Eld?
Give answer, powers divine!
Do tender moons, do solemn stars
On their Elysium shine?"

Slow fades the actual—slow and still—
Dread mysteries are unsealed,
And clearly to my earnest gaze
The soul-realm is revealed!

There gleams Elysium, fair and far—
With green immortal groves,
Where burnished shields of heroes flash,
And quivering wings of Loves!

I mark the Styx—and Charon's bark
Slow rocking on the tide—
But who are they, those gloomy shades,
Who long its dark banks glide?

They gaze upon the fields of bliss
With dim and wistful eyes—
Their voices wild, tumultuous
In sad complainings rise!

"We are the bards of ancient times,
The sons of Song and Glory,
The stars which lit the night of years,
Thee-deified in story!

For us the purple wine was poured,
And woman's vows were told—
A world enamored, on us cast
Fame, love, all, all save *gold*!

Not ours at last, the obolus,
Old Charon's lawful fee—
Thus we must wander ...

...

hostile bosom of the Happar Valley. He had a choice lodge, well stocked with the finest mats and tappa. He was abundantly supplied by voluntary taxation, with luscious poee-poee, the sweetest oils and the most exhilerating arva. He was allowed to choose for his bride the prettiest maiden in the valley, and to change his wife every new moon, if so inclined. The place of all the world for your Shelleys and Byrons were Typee. In festivals and public processions I observed that his bardship took precedence of valiant chiefs and venerable divines; and for a reason, I think, the poet being created by Heaven,—priests and warriors by circumstance. I have no doubt furthermore, but that as those of his *genus* are given to epicurism, the choice bit is awarded him when an enemy is dished up. I also ascertained that no man was allowed to play critic in Typee, unless himself a poet. The body-servant of the bard was pointed out to me, a poor devil of a fellow, who though of most aristocratic connections, had been degraded to his present position for an impromptu but cutting review, produced upon one of Clingy Lingy's improvisations.

I should have included this account in my work, but for the fear that on hearing of such a Paradisean state of things, our entire squad of poets would immediately emigrate to Typee.

Respectfully, yours, H. M.

A SKETCH.

BY N. P. W.

Morn in the purple East! The dreaming flowers
Awake beneath the kisses of the sun,
To feel the wind's invisible fingers press
Their dewy petals languidly apart
In fitful dalliance. The joyous lark,
Winged Peri of the clouds, sends down her song
With a subduing sweetness to the earth.
Upon a couch whose silken curtains stir
To the voluptuous breathings of the morn,
Reclines a shape of heavenly loveliness—
Of earliest youth, of grace most exquisite,
Meet for a poet's gaze. Eulalia lies
With the long lashes quivering o'er eyes
But just unsealed from sleep. Her raven hair,
By the unquiet slumbers of the night
Loosed from its velvet band, is floating free
Where the neck's arching and the bosom's snow
Gleam in bewildering glimpses through its wave.
One angel foot, dimpled and rosy-naked,
Flinging the envious counterpane aside

...

A FRAGMENT.

BY L. H. S.

How hardly doth the cold and careless world
Requite the toil divine of genius-souls,
Their wasting cares and agonizing throes!
I had a friend, a sweet and precious friend,
One possessed of all the strange and rare
And fearful gifts of song.

On one great work,
A poem in twelve cantos, she had toiled
From early girlhood, e'en till she became
An olden maid.

Worn with intensest thought,
She sunk at last, just at the "finis" sunk,
And closed her eyes forever! The soul-gem
Had fretted through its casket!

As I stood
Beside her tomb, I made a solemn vow
To take in charge that poor, lone, orphan work,
And edit it!

My publisher I sought,
A learned man and good. He took the work,
Read here and there a line, then laid it down,
And said, "*It would not pay.*" I slowly turned,
And went my way with troubled brow,—but more
In sorrow than in anger.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have already thought, felt and written somewhat on the subject you suggest. A law of International Copyright should be called for, (to use the words of a western orator,) "by the unanimous voice of the *vox populi*." It would prove the second birth of American literature—an immeasurable benefit to native genius, and a blessed deliverance from foreign stupidity and mediocrity—what Coleridge calls "brain-dribble." I can sometimes tolerate American trash, from a sentiment of patriotism, but I can't go the English. Our periodical literature, which, from the nature of our institutions, should be the highest in the world, to my thinking, is fast acquiring a pitiable peddling character. Yet I glory in my appreciation of our native authors—no one can praise them oftener or more heartily. What a charming enchanter is Cooper—what a wizard in words is Willis—what a lark is Lowell—what a "petted canary" is "Kate Carol"—what a very bulbul is the Brigadier! Yet can I fancy all these sighing as they ...

...

Pictures of Life.

THE CARNIVAL:
OR, THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

We will now go back to a period still prior to the night of the Carnival. The cruel imprisonment of young Napoleon by the Austrian Government is well known to the world, and has, perhaps, more deeply moved the sympathies of the young of all nations, than the fate of any other living personage. During this imprisonment, when at the age of seventeen, he was detained for some weeks at a monastery, the garden of which adjoined that of the Castle of General Count ——, who had an only daughter of fourteen, who often came to the barrier, and by the indulgence of his keepers, talked with the Prince; for she knew his story and felt for his sad fate. They thus became acquainted, and the Prince, from being grateful, became enamored with the beautiful, generous hearted girl, who, in many ways tried to soften the rigors of his imprisonment. After the Prince was removed to close quarters in the city, this young maiden deeply interested her confessor in his fate. Three years passed on during which interval, by accident, she had twice met the young Napoleon, and they had interchanged glances. It was enough. Each felt that they were beloved. At length the maiden resolved to make a bold effort to effect his escape. Father —— she knew was her firm friend, and friend also to the unfortunate Prince, for he had been in Bonaparte's army. To him she committed her plans. True to the confidence in him, he seconded her wishes. He succeeded in corrupting the Prince's confessor so far as to make him the medium of a correspondence between the two lovers. This correspondence continued for some time, when the Prince declared his passion and his desire to be united with her. He was now twenty-one, she seventeen, and both were beautiful; he tall and manly, she lovely as womanhood in its first spring-time.

But how should he escape? how should they meet—how should they be united—how should they afterwards fly?

These were obstacles indeed, but Love is powerful, and will prevail. At length circumstances favored them. A masquerade was to take place the ...

...

"And he is as silly as a bird, to appear thus publicly. I will soon ascertain who this cavalier is, your highness."

The ceremony of marriage was ended, and the Priest was pronouncing his benediction when a commotion was apparent in the further part of the hall, near the door, and the throng gave way in terror before the stride of Metternich and the officers of the Imperial Policy.

"What means all this?" demanded Metternich, of a general officer, as he came near.

"A mock marriage, Prince—but, by the mass! the Priest hath done it with a grace and action as if he were in rich earnest. There stands the happy couple, who, were the Capuchin not a Priest in masquerade, are as safely tied as were ever man and wife!"

"They are the two," said Colonel Necker.

"It is he! arrest them. Also the Capuchin!"

The Prince resisted, and drew his sword. In the melee, his mask fell off and betrayed to all eyes, the well known features of the captive Prince.—There was a general utterance of surprise, and a feeling of deep interest! Simultaneously, several of the maskers made a movement so as to obstruct the police, and favor his escape. He was soon separated from Prince Metternich and Col. Necker, and, before the mass could be penetrated, the bridegroom and bride had been assisted by some French officers out of the hall and into a carriage. Several of the gentlemen sprang upon the box and foot-board, and it drove with rapidity to a distant part of the city, were the Prince and his bride were soon in safety in a retired mansion near the wall, occupied by a French officer. Here they remained many a month secretly, while every means was set on foot by the Emperor for their discovery, and at the same time plans were constantly forming by their friends for getting them out of the city.

At length their retreat was discovered. The Prince was arrested, but his wife escaped in disguise, and reached Paris. His confinement was now more rigorous than before, the severity of which, added to his grief at the separation from his lovely and devoted wife, soon wore upon his spirits and health: and in a few months afterwards he died a captive. The Princess Nitenne, who had implored to share his captivity, and had been forcibly borne from danger by the faithful French ...

...

Selected Sketch.

THE HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance. If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away, and be forgotten.

It was one day, when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me, at the time, and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French Governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared, that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined that, as the title fell to my Cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this pious arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband, for the husband of an orphan,—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world,—who has no father to advise her, no mother to ...

...

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY A. B. C.

...

TO A YOUNG POET.

BY W. C. B.

...

POET-DREAMS.

...

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "TYPEE."

MY DEAR SIR:—

...

A SONG.

BY G. P. M.

...

LADY-WRITERS.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

...

GRACE GREENWOOD.

RELATIVE NUTRITIVE AND DIGESTIVE QUALITIES OF FOOD.

...

WARBLINGS.

BY KATE CAROL.

...

Choice Selections.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

...

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a number of communications on hand from correspondents, but have not yet had time to examine them.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following persons who are in arrears for this paper:

Of Wm. Bunt, late of Washington City, D. C.

Of Thos. F. King & Co. late of Wilmington, N. C.

Of Chas. L. Taylor, late of St. Louis, Missouri.

Of Hugh McClintock and Eli Lick Somerset co., Pa.

Of R. B. Lambden, late of Rosetwinkle, Indiana.

Of M. F. & L. P. Nicholson, late of Lewis N. York.

Of Chas. F. Bingham, late of Lima, Del. county, Pa.

Of Wm. Sharpless, late of do. do.

Of R. D. Bradley, J. C. Francis & J. M. Fisher, late of Hardwicke, Johnson co., Missouri.

Of Jas. M. Hartsfield, late of Vernon, Mississippi.

Of J. H. Cummings—C. R. Cromwell, do. do.

Of J. M. Waddington & W. H. Waddington, do. do.

Of A. McConnell, late of Carrollton, Mississippi.

Of D. K. Moore, late of Franklin House, this city.

Of Burton H. Clark, late of Greensboro', Mississippi.

Of Henry Grubbs, late of Logansville, New York.

Of Jas. W. Oliver, late of Trenton, Kentucky.

CRY OF THE AUTHORS.

We think the brilliant article, or rather, cluster of articles, with which we head off on our first page this week, will create no little sensation through out the country. It would seem as if our leading poets and prose writers were determined upon making a final tremendous effort to influence public opinion in favor of an International Copyright Law, and to their better temporal condition. In order thus to act upon public opinion, they have very wisely chosen the Post as their medium of communication with the great American public. That they have never smiled very favorably upon the efforts of the advocates of an International Copyright Law, was doubtless another reason, for their order our large circulation, for their choice of the Post. And we confess that from the plan was well laid—they have completely skinned our fire by the valley of poems, sketches, fragments and letters, which they have thrown into our columns.

We have published the articles in the form in which they were handed to us. It would have been an easy matter to have supplied the names of the different authors in full, in the place of their initials; but we knew there was no necessity for so doing. No one but is not acquainted with the literature of America, would need even the initials to identify the respective writers.

The time chosen for the movement on our authors seems to us peculiarly well selected. Congress meets in three many months—and it may be rationally inferred that by its time of meeting, that "Cry of the Authors" as an International Copyright Law, to save themselves and families from hopeless destitution, will have spread over the length and breadth of the land—arousing a feeling which shall bear down all opposition before it. Yes, if we read the signs of the times aright, another letter many years will be known among men by their plump and overfed appearance, no longer shall they creep about among their fellows, as

> Meager, cameo-ed corpses, ashed and thin,"

no; a poet shall be "a man of mark," in every sense of the word. Every author shall be a King Author, and have his "crowd below"—each, as a fief, live on the fat of the land while he lives, and when he dies, die of a surfeit. It shall be "the golden age" of authors, and publishers shall be their lackeys.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

"A Watcher," and Napoleon, "I ought to have been victorious. The chances were in favor, owned to one as my friend. But Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of forty-two thousand Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousand of human troops. Had he not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken, *Napoleon-ically*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Secondly, with forty thousand more, soldier Ruler and Britain would have swept from him; and, finally, a heavy shower of rain, which rendered the ground so soft as to render impossible to commence the attack at daybreak—that delay to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the earth, as his friend before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It were other—but nothing to the purpose.

The above passage from Montrésor's History will do as well as any other as a text for a few remarks upon General and Special Providences. There was a time in our life—it was shortly after reading that admirable work, in many respects Combe's "Constitution of Man"—that we aligned entirely the doctrine of "Special or Particular Providences, as being narrow and bigoted, and confined to the merest of things. But as we have grown older, we have in this, as in many other respects, gradually flouted back into the faith of our childhood, and doctrines, received in the infancy of the mind upon authority, and rejected as unbound by the presumptuous spirit of youth, have come again the cherished part of more mature years, as being used in accordance with reverence of truth, and the declarations of sound reason.

The belief in the fact that the hand of God is governed by general laws, and such alone. He is more than human, more than great divinities in the affairs of men, wrestle for and against the progress of nations, strike fear and terror, and inspire the confidence in the supernaturalness of either, is a belief which we have long since left behind us. We feel that a just man should go to sea in a new vessel constructed in accordance with the physical and mechanical laws of the universe, and fathomed and well rigged, would most probably arrive in safety at his destined port, while a good man, having nothing to counteract the moral laws of the universe, expects the due observance of the physical laws, and sets sail in a frail and shattered vessel, will probably go to the bottom in the first severe storm he encounters. In other words, that an observance of the moral laws is a full compensate for a violation of the physical, or a violation of the moral, because that bodily security obtained by an observance of the physical laws.

Now we do not desire which would be absurd, to the limits of the greatest part of this doctrine of Montrésor. We have none. But we would be governed by General Laws, but we go further, and add to their existence the belief in the existence of Special Providences in accordance with these fixed laws. For General Laws and Special Providences are not necessarily related or antagonistic to each other. We do not suppose that the Most High interferes in the affairs of men, by reversing the law of gravitation, by decreeing as of old, that the sun should "stand still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon," but we do believe only suppose, but firmly believe, that each other, observant of the Invisible Power, are frequent, if not constant, working in accordance with the same great things, the cause of truth and righteousness, and in contrary to the forward progress of man.

As an illustration of the bearings we refer to the manner in which that intercession takes place, we may instance the compass guard things with small, the steam engine, or any other piece of mechanism. We will suppose a rail-road engine going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and a wagon crossing the track before it at such a distance and rate, that if the speed of the engine be not lessened, the wagon must inevitably be broken to pieces. Now we do not imagine the interference of the Creator in the affairs of the world, to be comparable to that of a man who, in the case just adduced, he, should prevent the collision by forging a lot on the track, which should fill the approaching engine from the steam, and dash it against or over a neighboring embankment; but rather to the unaided hand of the Author, who, by a special intercession, in accordance with the general principles upon which the steam engine is constructed, should decrease its speed, and thus give time for the wagon to pass over before it is safety.

Now there is nothing more certain than that History abounds with instances where, to all appearance, the whole course of events in kingdoms and ages, has been changed by the smallest causes in whimsical ideas, springing up in the mind of a monarch, *seemingly* without cause, as in the case of Nero, has led to a change in rulers, and often to a consequent radical change of measures. Rome was preserved by the catching of a goose. The sight of the chaste Lucretia by a licentious Prince, led to the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and the establishment of the Republic. The resemblance of Catalina was doubtless the disgust of a woman with her lover. The Emperor Adrian *shaved* to use Titus Antonius leading his adieu all father to the Senate—the latter adopted him, and after the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the imperial throne. A little boy's curiosity led to the discovery of the apartment of Commodus, on which the names of certain persons were inscribed as condemned to death, led to the assassination of that tyrant. These, with many other instances, may be adduced, we do not say as proofs of Special Providences, but in order to show how easily special providences might be regarded, as it were, upon the general laws of the universe, and in accordance with those laws.

But, why need we search for other instances on the pages of history, when we have one already before us. Napoleon, naturally illiterate and conclusive Read again, dear reader, the quotation with which we began this article. Napoleon said rightly, "All the chances were in favor of success, the chances were a hundred to one in my favor." And, looking at the world over the past 18 years, we say with the Most High having made and put in operation, no longer interferes with—a world governed by laws—inexplicable *positively*," during its origin in a feeling of deadness, a something coming over even the strongest and most energetic minds, and the never failing Ney failing—their brightness, it was but last many a battle, occasionally a revolution and an empire. But, putting aside the "inexplicable" positively" for the time—shall we explain the equally singular inactivity of Grouchy—a mystery which has never yet, and probably never will be satisfactorily solved. Or, shall we explain the heavy shower of rain made the ground so soft that it was impossible for the French to commence the attack at daybreak—and time was given for Blucher and his Prussians to arrive just at the period of the decision of the fight, leaving to Napoleon but in one last desperate, terrible charge, which rolled against the British line as successive waves against a rock. Or, shall it be rolled back, broken, blackened, and shattered—and Waterloo was lost?

But there is one point more, to which we desire to call the reader's particular attention, in connection with the doctrine of Special Providences—it is this—A denial of this doctrine involves the denial of the potency, or *any use*, of prayer. Confine the government of God exactly to the laws of nature—and prayer is of no use or value except in its effect upon the mind of the individual who puts up the supplication. We thinks it absurd to suppose that the prayer of a man can have any effect upon the determinations of God. And yet he would have people cease to pray, and thank highly of prayer as a means to temper the mind to patience, and to acquiescence in the Divine will. But, if universal laws are truly were, he would gladly do justice by with drawing some of his subjects.

Now there is "a blood learning prayer." and that our supplications by no possibility can have any effect upon the course of events, is the veriest mockery. And we feel confident that if religionists were generally to adopt the belief that Mr. Combe that their prayers could by no possibility have the least weight or effect, in one week, of the latter statement in every house in the land, to correct it at once, and give the true faith the ease, than to indulge in such vague generalities.

COMPLIMENTARY.

We have a few more good things in the complimentary line, to lay before our readers this week. That enterprising publication, the "Boston Notion & New England Washingtonian," edited by John P. Coles, Esq., says—

> "The Philadelphia paper, the "Philadelphian Saturday Post," appeared in an entire new and a very handsome dress last week. It is printed as pretty as it possible for a newspaper to look, and is a credit to the publisher. We are glad that the Post in the best weekly paper in the States. Under the conducting care of Mr. Henry Peterson, it has grown in beauty and popularity, until it has attained the very highest position of literary excellence in the country. The Post is one of the papers we invariably take pleasure in recommending to our readers. It is an admirable promoter of diligence.

The Saturday Evening Post makes its appearance this week in an entire new dress. It is the best weekly paper in the country, and we are glad to see its success so well merited."

The following gentlemanly recording to Carlinville, Ohio, writes to us as follows:

> Inclosed I send you two dollars for the Post, and for which please send me the Post for one year. During the six years that I have been taking it, I have not failed to receive a number, and that is one in due time. Please credit the money, and send me the most valuable visitor and wish you God bless you and yours.

COCKNEYISM.

When a London cockney, who had always been used to a shilling for a cab fare, visits a place where one is sixpence, he exclaimed, when the fare was offered to him, "Vy, I'll be blowed if I'll take sixpence for a fare like this!" *I'll be blowed if I'll take it for sixpence!*

So it is with cockneyism—they speak with a great deal more than they know. They are surprised that he is so much like other men, that he has the same sensations, the same passions, the same wants, that *he does not go upside down*. They expect to be confounded outright, to be stunned to death with the thunder of his voice, or blinded to with lightning; when, instead of this, they find only a common man, differing from other men only in his greater intelligence, and his more refined and more learned and straight forward—in one word, more a man. Such is the case with Webster, and with Everett, and with Calhoun, always to a person, and an agent, always best upon making a sensation. As Fuller says—

> High honors are cold,
> Great thoughts are still.

ROMANTIC.

We gave an account in last week's paper, of a cabin boy in the schooner St. Mary, who, when off the coast of Florida, and in a fit of insanity, or delirium, confessed that he was of a softer sex than what his appearance indicated. It has since been ascertained that the young Miss of a highly respectable passenger in New York city. It seems that she was decidedly attached to a young man in her native city, and that her parents, not liking the match, sent her off to Europe, and finally to Florida, in the hope that she would forget her lover. This is one version of the story. Another is, that she was in love with a cabin boy on board the St. Mary. This is one of the boldest freaks we have heard of lately.—*Boston Transcript*. We think that the latter story need not be heard of. Even a little upon hearing of it. Our own would, in his situation. We should be a little more than human if we were not.

DUNN'S CHINESE MUSEUM.

This interesting exhibition is now being occupied through the different counties of England and Scotland. The proprietors have had constructed seventeen carriages, which, when placed in juxtaposition, in the form of a parallelogram, constitute a noble and well-proportioned saloon, 175 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and 20 feet high, in which are arranged in compartments, and in the same general form and manner as heretofore, all the objects constituting the Museum. A travelling band of musicians, clad in the Chinese costume, announces the auspicious procession of carriages throughout the provincial progress.

THE WAR.

It will be seen by the war news in another column, that the Mexican Commissioners and Mr. Trist were unable even to approach a mutual understanding upon the terms of a treaty between the two nations, and that we are in Mexico again in all its fury. Scott is at last in the city of Mexico, after a severe conflict—though to the loss on either side, not so definitely known. But, although victorious and in possession of the long coveted "Halls of the Montezumas," with any other troops than our own, and amid any other civilized people than the Mexicans, we should be in fear that the tragedy would end with Mexico's taking Scott, instead of Scott's keeping Mexico. Nothing since the war began, has shown more conclusively the indomitable spirit and the gentlemanliness of our troops, than the mood by Scott, with little more than ten thousand men, into the swarming valleys of the heart of Mexico. It reminds us of the invasion of old, by Cortez, with a few hundred followers, of the same thickly peopled country.

If it were not, however, for the constant successes and gallantry displayed by our troops, the chances were a hundred to one in my favor." And, looking at the world over the past 18 years, we say with the Most High having made and put in operation, no longer interferes with—a world governed by laws—inexplicable positively," during its origin in a feeling of deadness, a something coming over even the strongest and most energetic minds, and the never failing Ney failing—their brightness, it was but last many a battle, occasionally a revolution and an empire. But, putting aside the "inexplicable positively" for the time—shall we explain the equally singular inactivity of Grouchy—a mystery which has never yet, and probably never will be satisfactorily solved. Or, shall we explain the heavy shower of rain made the ground so soft that it was impossible for the French to commence the attack at daybreak—and time was given for Blucher and his Prussians to arrive just at the period of the decision of the fight, leaving to Napoleon but in one last desperate, terrible charge, which rolled against the British line as successive waves against a rock. Or, shall it be rolled back, broken, blackened, and shattered—and Waterloo was lost?

THE PROFFERED TREATY.

The terms of the treaty proffered by Mexico by our Government through Mr. Trist, are known to the whole of the two Californias, upon condition of a certain sum of money being paid to Mexico as an equivalent. The Rio Grande to be considered the western boundary of Texas, taking in Santa Fe and all the Mexican towns and villages east of that river—the boundary line to pass from about 31 on the Rio Grande, through New Mexico to the 32d of north latitude, and westward through the Rio Gila and Colorado rivers to the Gulf of California, and down the Gulf to the Pacific.

The extent of Mexican territory ceded by the terms of the proffered treaty, including the "disputed territory" between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, is computed by geographers at about 300,000 square miles; about one half of the entire territory of Mexico, viz: Upper California, 70,000 square miles; Lower California, 60,000 square miles; "disputed territory" east of the Rio Grande, 100,000 square miles; New Mexico, 70,000 square miles. The entire territory Mexico being estimated at 1,000,000 square miles.

The line proffered by Santa Anna as the ultimatum of the Mexican Government, was from the river Nueces as the western boundary of Texas, and yields up, we believe, no territory as New Mexico. Of course, for an equivalent—and not mentioned, as much of Upper California as lies above latitude 37°. This last would give the United States about half of Upper California, but not the port of Monterey.

MERCANTILE AGENCIES.

It is well known to merchants generally, that mercantile agencies have been established in the principal cities of the Union, for the purpose of keeping the South and West, for the purpose of keeping the Eastern jobbers well informed as to the standing and responsibility of Southern and Western merchants. Agencies, of course, would seem easy and short lengthy may be of much benefit, and are not to be laps not only too weak to render him any assistcondemned. But, unfortunately, the system has not only too weak to render him any assistance, but positively injurious, in many instances. We have no means of knowing the exact number of General Scott's force, but we should think that, including the troops under Gen. Patterson, Worth, co, the King's Mills, and in storming the city of Mexico, the number of men fit for active service could not be less than 15,000, rank and file present. With this small force, in the midst of a hostile population of millions, with his communications cut off, with the exception of the mail, he

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, *is our Agent for Dayton, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa.*
R. Sewell, 7 Gardener Street, J. T. Dent, E. V. Jennings, and Benjamin B. Wells, are Agents for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by Jas. M. Wright, Benjamin B. Wells, H. H. P. Nesbit, John B. Wells, Theodore P. Blake, T. D. Watterson, Reuben A. Hussey, Andrew B. Dorsey, and Isaac D. Gregory, of Baltimore, the two last mentioned of B. B. House & Brother.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS *is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.*
THOMAS SEVERN *is our Travelling Agent for New York.*
WILLIAM A. PIERCE *collects for us in Pennsylvania.*
MRS. S. BOWLEY *will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.*
MORTIMER F. WEED, *do do. for New York State.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be regularly obtained of the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 8 State Street, Boston.*
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above commissioned Depots.

New Publications.

LIFE OF HENRY THE FOURTH, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. *By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have received Part I of this work. Mr James has endeavored to throw light upon the portion of this illustrious monarch's career which has been obscured by time. He has been peculiarly favored in the research by the publication of the "*Lettres Missives*" of Henry IV. by direction of the French Government. The period in question comprises events which have most powerfully influenced, and are so affecting the state of France at the time, but also working a permanent change in the relations of and causing the progress of civilization in Europe. Mr. James describes the wars of the League, as the intrigues, and institutions of the times, with which he is more modest down to receive a new form. The struggles of the chivalry and the people have ceased and fell with age and their own weight, the fragments thereof dissolved and down to the present day, the traditions understood by the Regent Duke of Orleans, and the last vestiges swept away by the Revolutionary torrent of the eighteenth century. The work is to appear one volume when we have not time to now would be obtained at this late day, we can do nothing better than to refer those who are desirous of information upon the subject to Mr. James's works to *Mignet, Lacretelle & Michelet* of the day.

THE UNION MAGAZINE. The October number of Mrs. Kirkland's Magazine contains three engravings. The first, "Reading Books," is a pretty picture of Boyhood, and a Fashion Plate. We notice among the literary contents of this number, "The Lawyer's Courtship," by W. A. Jones. "The Pilgrim of Love," by Mrs. G. Stanton. "Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Ellet. "The Travelling Beau," by Mrs. J. F. Ellet. &c. &c.

DOMBEY AND SON. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued No. 7 of this work. In the hands of such a house we wondered how Dickens would manage a pen and to touch numbers, and now we wonder how he can have so much to say in the space of an eight house. The present number is a very interesting one. Mr. Dombey's son is dead, and the father is left to muse on the disastrous engagements. Dear Wealth.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have received from *Littell & Co.*, No. 79 Cornhill, Boston, No. 81 to 86 inclusive of A Popular Line of Foreign Travel—The Marsh-Land—Italy and the Pope—&c. &c.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. We have received No. 30 of the admirable work published by the Harpers. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE PLEASANT A PLEASANT COMPANION AND HOUSE HOLD BOOK. This is a book for the children published by *S. B. Zieber & Co.*

General News.

FEMALE COURAGE.

It is seldom we are recorded a more signal failure on a case of a cool, premeditated outrage upon an unprotected female, as our described in the Goshen Democrat. It occurred on Wednesday last, the 15th, on the 31st ult. A colored man by the name of Seba Bostwick, ascended a ladder to the window of a loving near Columbia, that her husband was absent from home, and was not expected to return until the following day, and entered the house in the evening. His approach being discovered, and his diabolical purposes readily interred, the lone was closed and fastened. But the woman succeeded to defend herself to the last extremity. Resolutely awaited her arm through the window, which was struck with an axe by the villain, and severely bored upon the door. Mrs. K. had taken down her husband's rifle, and in the struggle with the villain dropped it on the floor when it exploded. She then ran up stairs, and as the negro attempted to follow after her, she struck him on the side of the head with an axe, so that he was obliged to leave for his own safety. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the arrest of the villain. Since then, search has been made to conduct a number of the fugitive abolitionists, and should strongly inclined to believe that this negro is one of the number. The only regret our lady, apart from the assault itself, is, that the villain escaped with the garment, Mrs. Kinsely had not managed her husband's rifle to a little better advantage.

POLAND'S MARTYRS.

We have received the 3d and 4th numbers of the twelve parts now at Leonberg, at the Court House, Throughout Wonsowski and Joseph Kapus-zinski. The author has endeavored to collect all the facts, and, glad, had been read to them three days before, in front of the court-house, in the presence of the whole population. They confessed being guilty of treason, and they were told they should be executed by the cord. Their execution took place on the 21st of June, and the crowd was so great on this occasion, to testimonies of their sympathies. Every one uncovered, kneeled and prayed for the souls of the passed. They greeted them everywhere with shouts or acclamations; the men waved their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, and they were loaded garlands of flowers were showered upon their heads in such profusion, that to pursue them, for some time previous, their way, the ground had been exhausted, and more could not be procured at any price. The same scene on a smaller scale was very numerous, but nothing could affright the multitude, neither the number of the bayonets, nor the presence of the guards of the police. No one looked at upon the condemned criminals, but as martyrs as Poland, who were sacrificed for their country. *Agitator Gazette*, as to the effect of these executions.

May God bless poor Poland! Wonsowski, although—Be none or you frightened by our death, but persevere!

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Secret societies, a sort of vaticanic, still exists in France, the object of which is to incite to political revolutions. The number of persons who were paid recently several days in the trial of ten men of these belonging to one of the associations called the Carré "Communiste Materialiste," whose object was nothing less than to effect a political revolution, which should cause all property to be taken from the rich and distributed equally among all. While wearing the republican cap of this wild dream, several of the band deemed themselves to be committing robbery, assassin as they told that every thing was to be divided, and that every body, and may therefore be taken by any body. One of the means by which they proposed to effect their object was to set fire to different parts of Paris, and in the alarm which they would have created, commence a general pillage of the city, or as one of them called it, "a day of Bartholomew." They kept alive their political faith by meetings, at which agendas of every kind, and vagrant kind, were delivered, by the reading of stolen pamphlets and books, and by cursing benign. The culprits were pronounced guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment—the most severe sentence ten seven years.

NEW INVENTION.—A hard working mechanic of Boston, named John E. Fowler, has invented a "Boot Clipping Machine," which with unerring facts of parts, simply feed within a wheel, makes at every revolution, eleven pairs of "clipped," trimmed in the most perfect manner.

MRS. BANCROFT IN LONDON.

It so happened that one fine afternoon, this summer, our minister's wife, Mrs. Jaccrell, walked down Regent street, and called at a fashionable store to purchase a shawl. She found an excellent one, costing only £20; and wishing to test its virtues, she threw it over her shoulders, and left her old one to be sent home. She sallied out again, looked along up Regent street, desiring to make a sensation with her splendid shawl, and she succeeded wonderfully. She soon perceived that she was drawing unusual attention. Some stood in groups, some stopped and looked, some laughed outright, villainous boys pointed with their canes, young ladies turned round on passing, and finally a gentlemen on looking at her, suddenly examined the sky for stars, acquaintances rode by in carriages, nodded, smiled, and let their lips immediately afterwards. What could it all mean? It certainly was unusual and very vaguely, and Mrs. B. hurried home, out of her breath and out of her wits, too. Her maid soon solved the mystery. The shawl proved to be one which was exhibited in the front window of the shop, the merchant having forgotten to remove the show label, and there it was still, bearing the following announcement in magnificent capitals, "VERY CHASTE, cheap at £20."

NEW ARMY TENT.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot states that Jesse E. Dow, Esq., of that city, has invented a new Army Tent, (called Dow's Rapid Tent,) which will surely take the place of all the tents now in use. It is an admirable contrivance, and will meet the wants of every officer and soldier who have seen it. The tent is roomy, cheap, durable, without a tent pole, without cord, button, or buttonhole, perfectly ventilated, having a floor, cellar and chimney. It is light, indestructible, and can be struck in one minute's time. A specimen of it will be on the front grounds of the War Department for general inspection, in the course of a few days. Mr. Dow already has orders from the proper authorities for several of his admirable tents.

FUNERAL DIRECTIONS.

An old gentleman of four score and two, Mr. Jedediah Preble, died recently in Bethany, New York, and was buried according to the written instructions which were given by him in his son, as follows:

"Dress this body in old-fashioned apparel, with a white cloth tied about its head and a sheet upon its body, to enshroud body, but rather over and prone God with all their souls, mind and strength, that I have gone to be with God and Christ, which is far better, but strive to prepare to follow me as I have set an example before you. Meet me in heaven, if you will and spirit, and what I have wrote I trust is by the direction of God, and not my own mind.

BUBULCUS.

Political Intelligence

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs of Massachusetts have re-nominated Gov. Briggs and Lieut. Gov. Reed, for these offices. Daniel Webster made a speech in favor of the Wilmot proviso, but of Clay's views ruling supplies to the army and navy. The resolutions of the Convention, which were adopted unanimously, were strong against the Mexican war, and a very high compliment was paid to Webster as the first choice of Massachusetts for President of the United States.

NEW YORK CONVENTION.—At the Democratic Convention of New York, the "Old Hunkers" have been completely triumphant in the nominations. The following are the nominees:

For Governor—Benjamin Nathan Dayton, of Niagara.

The Wilmot Proviso, moved as an amendment to the report of the Committee of Resolutions, was voted down.

Clippings.

☞ Col. Benton has advertised his farm in Woodford county, Kentucky, for sale.

☞ A woman in England has been convicted of poisoning a husband, a grandmother and her sister at home.

☞ The Mackerel Fishing this year has been, in some places, a comparison with that of past years.

☞ An Irishman on seeing a vase of gold fish remarked that "it was the first time he ever saw smoked herring alive."

☞ An American on New Bedford returning "sauces thanks," through the newspapers, to the inhabitants for the liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon him during the last year.

☞ The name of Alabama belongs to the Muscogee Indian tongue, and signifies "Here we rest." It was the name of a chief who fell into the Yazoo River.

☞ "Such a live dog's tail like the rest of us," Because it's farthest from the bark.

☞ The Angora cat has come over the sea and the yellow. It is a very pretty animal that while they differ so much, they never *fall out*.

☞ An effectual remedy for the various diseases of mankind—a simple living.

☞ The London Punch and the Weekly Dispatch published in Boston.

☞ Baron Rothschild drew the highest prize—$100,000—in a lottery recently, at Frankfort.

☞ The Legislature of Rhode Island have appointed Capt. Kellet of the Chinese Junk, and his Chinese crew, has been amicably settled. He pays $1,000 for passage from China.

☞ Jacob's Well is seventy-five feet deep and nine feet in diameter, hewn out of the solid rock. It is said to be the same as that mentioned so often by the women of Samaria to our Lord.

☞ *Ballad*—A ballad—Bill Tompkins, what is a widow?" *Ballad*—A widdey, sir, is a married woman, what ain't got any husband, 'cause he's dead, Mr. Ballad—What is a widdy? Bill—Why, widdy dewey?" *Ballad*—A widdower is a man what runs after the widdeys." *Manager*—Well, Bill, that is exactly according to Johnson, but it will *Mass* in *Boston Post*.

☞ There is at that one legislators are never punished until after, instead of before, they vote a law! Isn't this putting the cart before the horse a little?

☞ It is an undoubted fact, that when a whole man becomes an outcast, lives with the natives, and adopts their manners, he is not considered in such a state of barbarism that he becomes the greatest savage of the times.—*Dr. Caroline's Address*.

☞ "Captain, I have caught a Tartar."—"Fetch him along, then." "I can't, sir, he's too large." "Then drag him along, you lubber!" "I can't, sir, he's along ourself and leave him." "Then—he won't let me."

☞ The last descendant of Martin Luther, now living in Germany, and very poor, lately shipped the reformed, and adopted the Catholic religion.

☞ A man in Sheffield, England, lately heard a noise in his house. He arose from bed, and went to ascertain the cause, when he was seized by a burglar. A struggle ensued, and both fell down stairs together.

☞ We should never despise people for want of education, but for making a wrong use of them; if a man walks lame, he is to be pitied; if he knows how, he is to be laughed at.

☞ The Grand Jury of Boston, who subpœned the editor of the Chronotype for libel, and plaster of the bill they found against him. Mexico is South America, have prepared a new indictment and changed the location of Mexico to North America. They have changed their name of the Grand Jury of Libel at the same time, they would have done much for their own characters in they had me geography.

Miscellaneous.

GOV. MARCY'S BREECHES.

Our readers doubtless often see in the political papers, allusions to Gov. Marcy's breeches, but as they may not have a very clear idea of the fact which has originated so many puns and witticisms, we quote the following account of the whole affair from Col's Advertiser:

The name of these commentaries will go down to the latest posterity. It seems that Governor Marcy was on public service in the State of New York, and his sudden emergencies wanting repairs, they were handed the landlord for trousers to a tailor. The work was done, and fifty cents charged for repairs. Governor Marcy paid the bill of heavy expenses—an item there, and an item in history since. The bill was audited at the Comptroller's office of the State, and the bill stands stereotyped to the world.

But this is only a part, and the least important part of the incident. An acquaintance who lived where the transaction occurred, has given me the following particulars. The tailor was a Democrat, a favorite with the Governor on this occasion sustained, and had repaired at the public expense. He had been walking in the street one morning when he met a party of four lawyers. Rising suddenly to make way for a lady to pass—a seat projecting from the body caught in the seat of honor and tore it. Marcy is a wit, and a man of great presence of mind. Turning to the company, who were attempted to laugh at the disaster, he threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and exclaimed:—"See what a real the reverse I am—I've made" and another burst of the laugh, made gold but retired to his lodgings. The sequel is history."

Varieties.

SCRAPS
FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

NO. II.

Feeble persons are the light troops of the armies of the wicked; they do more mischief than the army itself; they infest and ravage.

The highest offers are like the tops of high rocks, they can be reached only by eagles and reptiles.

Delicacy is to the affections what shyness is to beauty.

Pleasure may lean on illusion, but happiness must repose on truth.

Happily the number of men that we repent of having done a favor to, is not great; whatever misanthropes may say, the ungrateful and the perverse are exceptions to humanity.

Do not let the grass grow on the road of friendship.

To doom an honest man to remorse, is the greatest of crimes.

Persons without energy let things go as they will, hoping that all will go well.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot states that Jesse E. Dow, Esq., of that city, has invented a new Army Tent, (called Dow's Rapid Tent,) which will surely take the place of all the tents now in use. It is an admirable contrivance, and will meet the wants of every officer and soldier who have seen it. The tent is roomy, cheap, durable, without a tent pole, without cord, button, or buttonhole, perfectly ventilated, having a floor, cellar and chimney. It is light, indestructible, and can be struck in one minute's time. A specimen of it will be on the front grounds of the War Department for general inspection, in the course of a few days. Mr. Dow already has orders from the proper authorities for several of his admirable tents.

DECIDEDLY COOL.

On Monday evening, about eight o'clock, a carriage was driven to the door of Mr. Ingersoll, at Meadville, Pa. A gentleman alighted, took from the carriage a bundle and hand-box and deposited them in the court-yard before the house, he then entered the carriage and rode away. The bundle was examined and found to contain a little girl apparently about five months old, wrapped up in a blanket; the handbox was filled with clothes for the child, which was taken in charge by Mr. Ingersoll's family. No discovery has been made of the child-dropper, but he is requested to "come, prove his property, and take it away."

A SAD CASE.

Some days since a servant girl in N. Louis. Missouri, was accused by her mistress, of stealing some jewellery. She denied it earnestly, and charged the accusation to Mrs. Hunt, an acquaintance, who had recently come into the house. The St. Louis New Era now declares that her accuser has found the missing articles, and that some person had placed them there. The innocence of the poor servant girl and her mistress is established, and she can readily appreciate the feelings of the woman whose rash haste has brought about such a melancholy result. She will scarcely sleep so quietly as her accuser.

TROOPS.

We understand, says the Washington Union, that the regiments raised for the war will be ready to receive overcome the requisition in East Tennessee, as we have already stated it has done in Indiana. East Tennessee was called on for a battalion; three companies; fifteen have already offered, and the remaining ten have offered to supply another battalion. A regiment, or Wayne county, has taken on the trial ult. A colored man by the name of Seba Bostwick, ascended a ladder to the window of a loving near Columbia, that her husband was absent from home, and was not expected to return until the following day, and entered the house in the evening. His approach being discovered, and his diabolical purposes readily interred, the lone was closed and fastened. But the woman succeeded to defend herself to the last extremity. Resolutely awaited her arm through the window, which was struck with an axe by the villain, and severely bored upon the door. Mrs. K. had taken down her husband's rifle, and in the struggle with the villain dropped it on the floor when it exploded. She then ran up stairs, and as the negro attempted to follow after her, she struck him on the side of the head with an axe, so that he was obliged to leave for his own safety. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the arrest of the villain. Since then, search has been made to conduct a number of the fugitive abolitionists, and should strongly inclined to believe that this negro is one of the number. The only regret our lady, apart from the assault itself, is, that the villain escaped with the garment, Mrs. Kinsely had not managed her husband's rifle to a little better advantage.

SINGULAR FREAK.

Two persons, the male apparent, a fopper young lady, with a splendid form, agreeable manners, and withal a lady not to be slighted, but still possessed of charms, recently entered into the holy bonds of matrimony at Mayesville, Fauquier county, and on behalf of herself and that the "*better half*" not a male. A social at law has grown out of this affair.

Items of News.

INTERESTING LETTER.—Two cases were tried in the Court of Fredericksburg, Va., recently involving the extent of liability of persons giving intoxicating liquors in mercantile cases. The parties were Chambers, plaintiff, on one case, and Kelly, Bell & Co., on the other, against Sandiver, defendant, which latter had given letters to tenants on the plantation of persons unfortunately being intoxicated, and they were told they should be executed by the cord. Their execution took place on the 21st of June, and the crowd was so great on this occasion, to testimonies of their sympathies. Every one uncovered, kneeled and prayed for the souls of the passed. They greeted them everywhere with shouts or acclamations; the men waved their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, and they were loaded garlands of flowers were showered upon their heads in such profusion, that to pursue them, for some time previous, their way, the ground had been exhausted, and more could not be procured at any price. The same scene on a smaller scale was very numerous, but nothing could affright the multitude, neither the number of the bayonets, nor the presence of the guards of the police. No one looked at upon the condemned criminals, but as martyrs as Poland, who were sacrificed for their country. *Agitator Gazette*, as to the effect of these executions.

May God bless poor Poland! Wonsowski, although—Be none or you frightened by our death, but persevere!

ARMY RETIRED.—Governor Young of New York, has appointed Major General Worth, who has recently been granted to Smith O. Boughton, Moses Earle, John Van Steenberg, and Edward O'Connor, commissioners of appraisement on the "Anti-Rent" damages in Columbia and Delaware counties, in 1845. The removal restores them to the rights of citizens.

NAMES.—The Spanish real, in Massachusetts, is called a "*sharpence*," in New York, a "*shilling*," in Maryland, "a levy," in South Carolina, "a *bit*," and in Louisiana, a "*picayune*."

CLOTHES.—We notice that the receipts of cotton from the 1st of September to the 31st ultimo, 1847, were 208,918 bales, against 51,130 for the same time last year.

Casualties.

BIT BY A SNAKE.

A man by the name of Baker, engaged at Carlton's lime kilns, in Rockland, was bitten on the finger, recently, by a copperhead snake. The whole hand was soon swollen, and the patient became much alarmed, but considered no more notified the wound, and restored the finger to its normal size. It is said only been doubted whether massa has as well as bees, this accident would have happened just in the very nick of time.

DREADFUL.

On Friday week, a boy eleven years of age, named Jackson Foster, was drawn between two wide wheels, which revolve at a distance of two and a half inches from each other, in a grist-mill at Ferrisburgh, Allegheny county, in this State. The outer body of the left passed between the wheels, which at once caused rational death, and mutilated the remains, that the next remained unrecognized.

BROWN'S PAINTINGS.

"Potomac," the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of those portraits, says:

With the exhibition of the portraits I have been delighted. In the first place, they are superbly executed paintings, as pictures. In the next place, they are pronounced by all who have seen them and know the originals, to be admirable likenesses. Each of the portraits is placed in a line. In the centre is a view of Gen. Taylor's encampment at Walnut Springs, near Monterey. A marquee, open in front, is seen under some very large and splendidly executed trees. In the front part of the marquee a group of twelve officers—all full lengths—is seen, each in easy and natural positions. "Old Whitey" is led up by Orderly Bingham for the General to mount. The latter has caught up his cap and is in the act of leaving the group, when his attention is arrested by Major Blair, who points out to him something which a letter or despatch contains. Capt. Garnett is sitting on an easy position, and reading to his brother Ad, Major Eaton, who is an attentive listener. Both look looking note. With his back turned upon the others, and his face bent over a newspaper, just arrived, stands a tall, hardy officer of artillery type, a Scotchman out and out. It is Col. Monroe. In the back ground, but finely prominent, are Col. Mansfield, Major Bragg, Capt. Ramsay, Capt. Lomard, Dr. Craig and Col. Whiting. The grouping of these officers in the marquee has been admirably done, and their great credit upon the genius and skill of the artist.

On the same portraits, two are representations of Gen. Taylor—one, a front view, in citizen dress, with the old brown coat on, with its fast button, belies distinctly visible; the other, in a side or profile view, and military costume. The head is uncovered in each picture. He is a much better looking man and officer than any other pictures we ever have seen represent him to be. He has, as Brown's portrait, a very fine head, a firm mouth and expression, and by the under lip hanging down denotes the portrait giving the front face a perfect likeness.

On the extreme right of the line of portraits is Gen. Wood—a small, fine man, with an active, graceful air, figure, clear complexion, gray hair, and features of military contour. The next is Colonel Belknap, a large, large man, with a large head and face, blue eyes and gray hair—a little bald.

The next is Major Bliss, the Adjutant General, as neat and handsome as his compositions are modest, graceful and elegant. All the portraits of the army regulations assign to his grade, he has about him. No wonder they call him "Perfect Bliss." He is a very fine officer and man.

Next is Col. Gamble—a fine, soldierly looking, markably so. He wears in whiskers or moustache. The style and compression of his face are such as like those of Judge Jesse Marcus, of the United States Supreme Court—though their eyes and expression of face are different.

The portrait that is of Major Eaton; a good face, with intellect stamped upon the brow, and features and muscles playing in curves about the chin and mouth.

The next is Capt. Garnett's—a very handsome young officer, with whiskers and moustache, and looks like Major Eaton's.

The next is that of Col. Mansfield. A fine intellectual and open countenance. Large Roman nose, and a frame cropped at that. Reddish-gray hair, and curly or scraggily all over the head. He looks like a good man.

The next is the portrait of Major Bragg. He is quite a fierce looking officer, with a cast in the eye, heavy eyebrows, black eyes, near together, and black whiskers, rounded up towards the corners of the mouth.

The next and last portrait is that of Col. Whiting, who has gray hair, neatly arranged, and very fine, handsome countenance, with that fine head mark it him, the better you like him, while the more you look at him, the more you are pleased and filled with wonder and respect for the good qualities of the truly great man before you!

Such is a description of the portraits to the suggestion of Gen. Taylor, decided to have the medallion likenesses for the medal voted by Congress to him. They are the same as the portraits, but the profile portrait of him, and has given orders to the Superintendent of the Mint to that effect.

THE PRICE OF GLORY.

Charleston's Elizabeth Review, one of the most liberal of the British journals, gives the following piece of experience to "Brothers Jonathan" upon the price of glory:

"We can inform Jonathan what are the unrelieved miseries of a campaign. Imagine a land of desolation every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—tastes every thing but that which is natural to it—is bad, smell or taste—leaves upon warmth, light and locomotion—tastes on everything on earth—on everything that can be touched, seen or heard—is of bitter—tastes on the raw material—tastes on every thing that is touched, seen or heard—is of bitter—tastes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—tastes on the woman who decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's soil and the rich man's epicurean the brass nails of the mahogany bedstead and the lead in the pencil on a tasted food—and the dying Englishman, pouring out his medicine, which he tasted not, and his spoon that has paid 15 per cent.—drags himself back upon his cheese bed, which has paid 25 per cent. and exclaims to the dear partner of his bosom, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. Has whole property in the tasted articles paid 100 per cent. profit—besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the tasteful, his virtues are handed down to posterity (if any) in tasteful lines, for which the bard has to be fathers—to be hated as more. In addition to the tasteful articles, the tasteful tax gatherer will make the government avaricious and pensive and the system dwell, will unfaithfully generate the tasteful and

Selected Poetry.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY MARY MOZL M'DONALD.

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die!"—*Campbell.*

Do not forget me—I would not my name
As a strange mortgage, to your ears became,
But seldom uttered, only heard with sighs,
As harpsichord to the morning wind replies.
Not so, not so!

Speak of me, when the summer day is bright
With glorious sunshine, and the golden light
Streams through the lattice of my own green bower
Let me be there in that rejoicing hour
At least in name.

Speak of me, when the twilight's purple haze
Shuts each fair prospect from your sober gaze,
And turning to the quiet joys of home,
Your comrades of departed days come
To stir the heart.

Speak of me, when in Heaven's blue arch afar,
Shines forth in quiet each effulgent star;
Say how I loved their luster, that my name
May ever dwell amid their hosts of flame
To mere, poor eyes.

Speak of me, when my own sweet garden rose,
On which the earliest dew-drop serene glows;
I would be linked with all the flowers that bloom,
Till we might half forget the cold, dark tomb,
Where I must lie.

Speak of me, when around the winter's hearth,
Young hearts are cheerful with the season's mirth,
And strike the soft chords of the olden song,
And let its chords in some old ballad tell
A tale of me.

Speak of me not in sorrow, for we know
To what calm skies and gentle streams I go;
The flowers that fade not, the ever-living Spring;
All robed in light, to wear an angel's wing
In Paradise.

Speak of me, then, with gladness, not with tears;
For when have dimed by a new shoot years,
Yet, yes, will pass from each, care and pain,
And we shall meet all joyfully again,
No more to part.

Selected Articles.

THE LATE MR. WALTER, AND PRINTING BY STEAM.

The greatest change wrought by Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, for which he will rank as an era in the history of the world, an improvement in importance second only to the invention of printing itself. He was the first who applied the powers of steam to the operations of the Press. The circulation of the Times became more than could be supplied by hand labor, and a mode of rapid production was speedily necessary.

As early as the year 1804 an ingenious compositor, named Thomas Martin, had invented a self-acting machine for working the press, and had produced a model which, though rude, showed the feasibility of the scheme. Being assisted with the necessary funds, he made considerable progress towards the completion of it, but the fire at Cannon-row which he was exposed to much personal danger from the hostility of the pressmen, who vowed vengeance against the man whose invention they threatened destruction to their craft. To such a length was their opposition carried, that it was found necessary to introduce the various pieces of the machine into the premises with the utmost possible secrecy, while Martin was obliged to shelter himself under various disguises in order to escape their fury. Mr. Walter, however, was not yet prejudiced to range the front of his undertaking, and the very axe of success he was doomed to bitter disappointment. He had exhausted his own funds in the attempt, and his father, who had hitherto assisted him, became disheartened, and refused him any further aid. The project was therefore for the time abandoned.

Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be arrested from what he had once resolved to do.

He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and availed himself of all quarters, with his usual confidence. In the year 1814, he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and, accordingly, the machinery of the ingenious and ingenious Koenig was submitted by his young friend Bauer, who understood—not, indeed, at first into the Times office, but in the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary, from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the trial advanced, until they were so much confident and advise of the friend afforded us. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their ardour too, and all the pressmen in distant. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the same gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to refuse, showed them to their work gone, they difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The compositors pointed to the threatened destruction to their own home inventions might suspend their employment—destruction to him and his trade."—They were resolved to find no expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press room and ordered an impression to be taken off—that the Times was already printed by steam.—That, if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it, and, that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till suitable employment could be procured—a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed, and, having so said, he distributed seven copies among them. That was this most handsome enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam—an almost gigantic power given to the world.

Mr. Walter died in the midst of the General Election, on the 28th of July last, and the respect in which his memory is held was shown by the numerous silent without a parallel in Parliamentary history. The electors of Nottingham, on the day after his decease, without contract or preparation, proclaimed his son, Mr. J. Walter, to the House of Commons, by an immense majority.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

When the bill was passed through the house of commons, there was need to be drying room, where they are again counted and dried; they are then put up into canvas packets, and sent to the cashier's room for signature. Thence they go to the register's department, and from that office are brought into the Bank Parlour. Here they are kept in five pound note cases, which carry as many as two millions. The notes, itself is disposed, there being only one thing that can burn the cancelled. On one side of the room, the cases are filled with gold, tied up in bags, and on the other the bags in packages, containing five hundred pounds each. There are two large racks in each case, and the keys are kept by separate officers, so that both must be present before any one can be removed. A bell in my hand, while in the room, can summon assistance in twenty to not in circulation.

Each day from thirty to thirty-five thousand bills are printed. The ink is muffle in the Bank, and is of such a peculiar composition, that by its effect together with that of the high-rolled paper, "counterfeit" used on the presses cannot be imitated by steam at least once a day. The highest number of the notes is eighty. When that number is reached, they return to No. 1, with a new date, the impression, and most of the machinery, twenty in a week. The notes in the bankers' and trading rooms from fifteen shillings to one pound get worn.

In one of the rooms ninety-seven clerks are employed, whose business is to examine the notes by regular, and no minute and accurate is the concern, that it is known in the Bank what notes are out, and who received them; and it is the practice of all bankers, in town or country, to take the number of each note before it is paid, and to whom paid. This is a work of time, but it gives great security.

There are several families residing in the Bank, who have very comfortable accommodations. There is also a Bank *Stokes*, as well as Bank parlour. This is for the accommodation of the directors on days when may wish a cup of coffee, or a beefsteak, &c.

AMSTERDAM.

We find the following interesting letter, descriptive of Amsterdam, its manners and customs, in the Daily News:—

I again take the liberty of trespassing on your time and patience by writing you from this truly wonderful and interesting city, which is the principal one of Holland. It is situated at the confluence of the river Armstel and the arm of the Zuider Zee; its population is about 212,000. The whole city, its canals and streets, are fanciful upon plan, which gave occasion for a celebrated writer to say "that he had reached a city whose inhabitants, like crows, lived on the tops of trees." The houses are generally six stories high, and built of brick, with stone quoins and cornices. In the centre of the wealthy part of the city they are very handsome, and far exceed any we have with us. The various canals which intersect the town in all directions, are said to divide it into ninety-five islands, and are traversed by no less than two hundred and ninety bridges; they are generally three or four feet deep, half filled with mud and half with water. Every barge or vessel that passes alongside up the canal and leaves its track in consequence; by any thing else than a pleasant smell. Mac-ma-chines I found here at work, cleaning the mud out, which is then taken away in large barges.

One of the first things one will notice after arriving in "Dutchland," are the little entrees (spouts) projecting in front of the windows of almost every house. They consist of two pieces of looking glass, placed at an angle of 135 to each other, one reflecting up, and the other down the street. By means of this contrivance a lady may see all that passes in the street, without the trouble of going to the window, to be subject to the "vulgar gaze." Another singular thing I'll mention, and that is a kind of bucket (much called "sleepkoets" which is a body of coach mounted on a sledge drawn by one horse. The driver walks along side, holding in his hand a piece of greasy rag, which he continues to drop under the runners at often as a rock. No wonder these kind of loads are carried on sleds; instead of grease they use water. Our guide told us that a police regulation existed in the city, that no one was allowed to drive a heavily laden cart over the stones should show any reluctance against the foundation of buildings.

Holland is one of the countries in many respects the most wonderful country under the sun, and as far as my experience goes, is certainly unlike any I've ever seen. The laws of nature here seem to be reversed. The sea is much higher than the land, the lowest ground being twenty-three feet below water, and when the tide is driven high by the wind in thirty. In no other country does the keel of ships float above the houses, and on whose side does the "frog croaking from among buttercups look down on the swallow on the house top." The immense dykes which are placed along the coast to keep the land from being overflown, are built by the Romans. Having spent a day in viewing these stupendous works, my opinions may be relied on with some degree of certainty; most of them are placed in the form of a crescent, and the outside sloping roots assist greatly in binding the earth together. The base is of masonry and protected by that large species of stones, brought from Norway by rows of piles driven in the ground to form a breakwater against the fury of the waves. The upper part is covered with the finest green pasture to the height of forty feet. The very spot on which we landed gave way in the year 1825 [illegible] sons were drowned. In no other country I am sure, could such an immense work have been accomplished, but when we remember that the country to the amount a laborer receives for a day's work it will not be strange to realize the fact.

We found the manners and customs of the Dutch to differ widely from any thing we have with us. They have in every district a distinct costume peculiar to themselves, and which they never depart from. Across the front of the head, extending down over the temples and the cheeks, they have a profusion of curls, in the end of which is a gold machine like the spring of a nob, projecting in front. The dames in the Friesland district wear a gold crown, and the females generally are remarkably handsome. The dress of all is, on round the outside of the building. A large space was left for a promenade between the building and the water's edge, and the palace. Large entrances behind, with gates handsomely ornamented with orange trees in leaf and flower, with beds of flowers in front, completed the whole.

Six enormous magnificently bound and trimmed, with their wheels and carriages, stood before the building, and the coachmen and footmen in waiting, all of such as usually receive three pounds or pounds, but being of an English material it was not considered by the Dutch as any thing more than a common livery. Here ends the description of this immense building, which, I am told, is to be used as a residence for the Queen, when she visits Amsterdam.

Tulip Mania.

In the winter of the account says, "As long as the excessive cold lasted, that is, from the beginning of January to the middle of March, no long did this extraordinary mania appear to abate. But with the month the southern sales, and some of gradually moderated away. It was not altogether useless in the destruction of the bulbs, that the cold of the brain were known to fill the ice cellars of the imperial palace, a very good refuge for an enormous collection.

At the extremities of the rows of caissons, in advance of the fashionable, stood two pyramids surmounted with globes. They were raised on handsome pedestals, and had a circular window, around which a dial was painted on each of the four sides. They were hollow within, and could be entered by a door only placed in the rear. A large paper lantern of eight sides, with monstrous figures painted upon them, was hung up in the middle of each pyramid and illuminated at night; a man was employed inside to turn about the lantern, and each of the figures on it presented itself in succession at the windows of the pyramid, to the great amusement of the multitude.

An elephant of the natural size was placed on the left side of the building, and on his back was a Persian, holding a battle-axe in his hand; two other Persians, one of whom held a spear, were placed in front of him. The elephant was hollow, and was made to throw water through his trunk to the height of twenty-four feet. This was done by means of tubes leading from the fore of the Admiralty near which it stood. At night burning naphtha was placed in the trunk, and the effect is said to have been very singular, the appearance being that of a stream of fire. Nothing, however, could be more ridiculous than the appearance of the rabbits.

Another Shooting on Sunday.—Last week, it appears, a gentleman hired a boat at Gravesend, and asked many rooms in connect with their lodging. This is also good for fast rod, and worms in the boat. It combines the greatest health of sheep, and they will go far to visit it.

Insurance.—Insure the parts affected with a mixture of tar and lard. Rub the parts affected with a strong soap suds, and dry well.

Another.—A correspondent of the "American Farmer" had two hundred sheep, forty were badly affected with scab in November. At shearing time, he applied tobacco water to the whole flock, and before up one and healed it. He put the liquor into a tub, and when cool enough to use he put a pail of water to every gallon of liquor, and then sprinkled this for every twelve sheep. The sheep were put into the liquor up to the head and ears, immediately after shearing, and the scab was effectually removed. He did not lose another, and the ticks were destroyed. One writer says the liquor may be used with a sponge, and then a gardener or a pound of tobacco to a gallon.—*Ed.*

Cheese.

A farmer's wife in New Hampshire, who is preparing a cheese for a present to Queen Victoria, which will beat Parson Lemuel's fat-boy monster. She has had two cows fed upon nothing but the cream of ten hundredweight of sugar, with the curd of a ton hundred cows for one day. The production will be ready for the market in the course of a few months, and, in order to make it more palatable, and, in consulting it, we doubt her Majesty will graciously adopt the principle of free trade in the article of cheese. Well, in the first place, the manufacturer is an old Connecticut Yankee. Then to the next place, he buys the cream of the milk, and not the curd, as these cows a pound, with which he makes over a ton of cheese daily. He thus employs no labor in making the curd into cheese, and his hands can do all the labor. He has probably contracted for the curd, and his chance is to get eight cents a pound on delivery, and sell this pocket enough at once in taking season to make a Yankee independent.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Yankee Ploughs.

An American merchant of the Cape of Good Hope, has written over from Boston, and is receiving hundred Yankee ploughs, chiefly for the Dutch, for the use of their vineyards. They formerly used a heavy Dutch plough, drawn by four oxen. These are ploughs, saying they were only made as children's toys. Finally a farmer was persuaded to take one plough, and to try it with two oxen. He did so, and bought half a dozen of the first importation, and after making the bargain, said he would not have sold them for less than a hundred pounds, particularly of getting another, for six hundred can deliver. Now that fake the ploughs have sold freely.

Rats.—Rats are often very troublesome. Put the roots or bones, in layers mixed covered with dry sand; each layer being covered. This preserves them from rot, and from the attacks of rats, as it prevents their perishing by their own perspiration, their moisture being absorbed by the sand; at the same time it preserves the sand from the rats, and prevents their wilting. Peppers have been kept in this manner round and fresh, till midsummer; and now many people, who have not rats, do not know. Any kind of sand will answer, but it must be perfectly dry.

Mr. Colman.—At the last advices, Mr. Colman was in Switzerland, engaged in making observations on the Agriculture and Horticulture of that country. He has forwarded to the Secretary of Agriculture, and vast portions of Italy, France, Savoy, and then prepare the fourth and tenth numbers of his series, which will complete the series. These numbers will give the substance of his observations on the agriculture, &c., of Switzerland Europe.

Brass.—The Rev. Mr. Mathews has been presented by the ornamental gilt and strong, so that the brass has been gently commended. If the hole in the large for the rewards, the bees are unable to gained much notoriety.

Our Picture Gallery.

ICE PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Imperial mistress of the cis-God line.

Who then would for build, no quarr'r was in sight
Or ere-like with, but Empress said to, how the Acade-
And cooke thy master of the glass; was a
In such a palace Poetry ought place.
And in a palace Poetry ought to live.
The gloomy Clouds, and vestigone, armory most.
His-meeting valley, dimness fencing lay
And snow that cities blends the traveller's course
And wrings him is an unexpected task!
Usually as a dome, placed at an angle of 135 to each
other, one reflecting up, and the other down the
street. By means of this contrivance a lady may
see all that passes in the street, without the trouble
of going to the window, to be subject to the "vul-
gar gaze." Another singular thing I'll mention,
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koets" which is a body of coach mounted on a
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Fun and Frolic.

The First Quarter.—An old American savage, being at an inn at New York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, began to boast that he could read and write English. The gentleman wishing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave in principal question, to which the old man consented. He then asked who was the first astronomer. The Indian immediately replied, "Joshua, because he literally asked the gentleman who was the first quarter. He said it was very uncertain, as the Indians differed in their opinions. Some said it was Jupiter, and others Venus. The gentleman, finding the Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to solve the question, put his tongue into his mouth, a sign of his surprise, and said, "Well, I believe it must be Lot Quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to Heaven."

Yes, Miss Fuss.—A Yankee who has invented a new kind of "cow-letter inn," and which he has been writing to a sure method against all actions for breach of contract, promises, contracts &c. &c. Any person who has been jilted by a false woman, can have his letter from the paper in two months for 50c. He recently most artfully obtained from a fair lady, a letter of promise, who purchased a hundred pieces of the articles, giving him therefor, his note at one day. She refused to purchase, and he sued her for the contract fee payment, but on producing the crisp found nothing but a piece of black paper! The case did not go to session until the next.

Tea Indulged's Cause.—A short time since a poor Irishman applied at the church-warden's office of Manchester for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was entitled to it, the parochial chanty, entered his suit with much earnestness. "Shin, your honor's worship, I'll be an married long since but for my cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "My cat, your honor, and the brindled cat, they will not agree." "Sure, your honor, I had the cat before I was a nater, and she was always at home when I'd get there myself."

Cards Jeer.—For each party in the room, a pound of sugar and a large piece of bread, as little water as possible, then put them in a garret, and put the current juice to it. Let it summer until it is a fine jelly. In summer which, and some as a saucer.

Paint the room an apple jelly. Cascade for a pound and let two cups, then add a strong red, two cups currants make a rapt jelly.

To Paint Dried Fruit.—Wash the dried pears (as cherries, or plums,) and to it put twice as much water as fruit, and let it stand all night. Then put it on the fire, and when it is sufficiently cooked to fit with sugar, add to it a sufficiency of sugar to make it sweet to your taste, and sweet it with cinnamon and cloves. Then take out the fruit, and put it in a dish, and pour the syrup in each enough. Cherries and plums like at least two pounds of sugar to a quart; peaches require more.

Pulverized Fertilizers Without Cultivation.—Pare off the rough coat of the pineapple, and cut it in slices, and then in small pieces, and put a layer of it in the bottom of a glass jar, then put on a layer of sliced pineapple, and so on, alternating with the sugar, and so on, until the jar is full. Let it stand in the sun for three weeks, then add a quart of brandy, and let it stand for a month longer, then strain off the liquor, and bottle it for use.

Pineapple Preserves Without Cultivation.—Pare off the rough coat of the pineapple, and cut it in slices, and then in small pieces, and put a layer of it in the bottom of a glass jar, then put on a layer of sliced pineapple, and so on, alternating with the sugar, and so on, until the jar is full. Let it stand in the sun for three weeks, then add a quart of brandy, and let it stand for a month longer, then strain off the liquor, and bottle it for use.

Paragraphs by a Wiseacre.

Hannibal challenged the proudest Scipio to single combat. Sounds in those days were made of copper, but Hannibal must be good for it, for he was a new metal, which enlightened in the substance that upon which Aaron's golden calf was cast. Thus in the Israelites sensible jingling the braying of the ass became clear.

The nose is a fine sign of the intellectuality which is in the human face divine. Hence it is that the Indian preserving the gentleman unable to raise his speculum, put his tongue into his mouth, a sign of his surprise, and said, "Well, I believe it must be Lot Quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to Heaven."

Nobby—a favorite female name. The first Nobby was the daughter of a deputy sheriff.

Nobby—a fool at any days like it.

"Benjamin" indicates a saving disposition. It is his name. That is they put all they get into their money drawer.

"Beelzebub" was first used by two schoolmates boys of the high school, who called on unfortunate pupil a hyperbolical diabolical.

For Housekeepers.

RECEIPTS.

Apple Jelly.—Take the nicest sweet fruit with pippins or tart apples, put enough water to cover them. When boiled to pulp, strain them through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Quince Jelly.—Put the quince parings and cores into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Currant Jelly.—Put the currants into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Raspberry Jelly.—Put the raspberries into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Strawberry Jelly.—Put the strawberries into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Blackberry Jelly.—Put the blackberries into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Put the gooseberries into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Damson Jelly.—Put the damsons into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Plum Jelly.—Put the plums into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Peach Jelly.—Put the peaches into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pear Jelly.—Put the pears into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Apricot Jelly.—Put the apricots into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Nectarine Jelly.—Put the nectarines into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Fig Jelly.—Put the figs into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Orange Jelly.—Put the oranges into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Lemon Jelly.—Put the lemons into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Lime Jelly.—Put the limes into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pineapple Jelly.—Put the pineapples into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Banana Jelly.—Put the bananas into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cocoanut Jelly.—Put the cocoanuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Almond Jelly.—Put the almonds into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Walnut Jelly.—Put the walnuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Chestnut Jelly.—Put the chestnuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Hazelnut Jelly.—Put the hazelnuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Filbert Jelly.—Put the filberts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pecan Jelly.—Put the pecans into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Brazil Nut Jelly.—Put the brazil nuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cocoa Nut Jelly.—Put the cocoa nuts into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Coffee Jelly.—Put the coffee into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Tea Jelly.—Put the tea into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Chocolate Jelly.—Put the chocolate into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cocoa Jelly.—Put the cocoa into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Milk Jelly.—Put the milk into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cream Jelly.—Put the cream into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Butter Jelly.—Put the butter into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cheese Jelly.—Put the cheese into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Egg Jelly.—Put the eggs into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Bacon Jelly.—Put the bacon into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Ham Jelly.—Put the ham into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Tongue Jelly.—Put the tongue into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Sausage Jelly.—Put the sausages into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pudding Jelly.—Put the pudding into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pie Jelly.—Put the pie into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Tart Jelly.—Put the tart into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cake Jelly.—Put the cake into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Bread Jelly.—Put the bread into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Butter Jelly.—Put the butter into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cheese Jelly.—Put the cheese into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Egg Jelly.—Put the eggs into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Bacon Jelly.—Put the bacon into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Ham Jelly.—Put the ham into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Tongue Jelly.—Put the tongue into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Sausage Jelly.—Put the sausages into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pudding Jelly.—Put the pudding into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Pie Jelly.—Put the pie into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Tart Jelly.—Put the tart into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Cake Jelly.—Put the cake into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with brandy paper.

Bread Jelly.—Put the bread into a preserving pan, cover them with water, and boil them until they are quite soft. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil it quick for a quarter of an hour, skim it well. Put it into pots, and when cold tie down with